News from the Dead!

OR, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

BLUESKIN, SHEPPERD,

and *JONATHAN WILD.*

LONDON:

Printed by J. THOMPSON, in the Strand.

NEWS from the DEAD, &c.

Blue. HAT in the name of Wonder can be the occaſion of ſuch Shouts and Huzza's? ſure the *Fanaticks* have not raiſed a Rebellion in this World, as they did in one of the beſt Nations in the World above.

Shep. I am aſhamed, Brother *Blueskins*, that you ſhould Expoſe your Ignorance: Theſe ſhouts and Huzzas, as you call them, are the joyfull Acclamations of the People in theſe Regions for the Safe arrival of your old Friend *Jonathan Wild.*

Blue. my Friend? pardon me Brother *Shepherd*, if I affirm that he never was a Friend to any Man; but I muſt ſay one thing for my ſelf, which is, that I endeavoured to demonſtrate my Friendſhip for him, in which had I ſucceeded, I ſhould have ſaved *Jack Ketch* a piece of Trouble and prevented many a Spectator from loſing a days Work.

Jonath. Fy, fy, *Blueskin*, it is ungenerous to reflect upon your Brother Sufferer.

Blue. It is merry enough to hear you condemn a perſon for being ungenerous, who never entertained the leaſt notion of Generoſity as long as you lived.

Jonath. Hang Reflections, let us have no more of them. Come, Gentlemen, what

News

News is ſtirring in this World? do the *Prigs* follow their old Trade here, and who is Lord of the Aſcendant over them?

Shep. Before we give you any account of what is done here, gives an Detail of the Tranſactions in the World above.

Jonath. Why faith, to tell you the Truth, all things are much in the ſame Station wherein you left them; that is Roguery and Villany thrive, while Honeſty and Plain-dealing are ready to periſh; *London* abounds with Cuckolds and *Weſtminſter* with Cuckold-makers; Falſe Witneſſes are ſeen in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and Falſe Brethren in other places; Whining and Canting ickle the Ears of the Fanaticks, while ſound Doctrine is learned from the mouths of our *Church of England* Miniſters: in ſhort, Bribery and Corruption had taken root, *Quilt Arnold* is preparing for his journey hither, and *Molly* deſigns to be married to him before he leaves the other World.

Blue. What a pox doſt thou Trouble us with ſuch impertinent Stuff as this is? There is nothing new in what you have ſpoke, Except that which relates to *Molly*.

Jonath. Oh, my Heart! it kills me to think of *Molly*'s indiſcretion.

Shep. Come Banish her from thy Thoughts, and to do it the more effectually, give us an Account of your Cavalcade from *Newgate*

Street

Street to *Tyburn*; And by what Exploit, you were honoured with the admiſſion of being a Fellow of that Society.

Jonath. When I was committed to the *Whit*, I mett with more Freedom and better Entertainment than I Expected or deſerved, from thence according to cuſtom I was Conducted to the *Old-Baily*, arraigned for Felony in receiving Stolen Goods and not proſecuting the Thief, and quickly found guilty of the charge. Being remanded back to priſon, and having received Sentence of Death, the night before Execution, I took a large quantity of *liquid Laudanum*,, which I flung up again, and the next Morning was conducted to the fatal Tree, and ſuch a Numerous attendance, that the like had never been ſeen before. I halted a little at the Barrs in *Holbourn*, where I received a Wound in my Forehead by a Tile which was caſt from the Top of a Houſe; from thence I proceeded on, and fell a ſleep at *Tyburn*.

Blue. what! were you not hanged? by what means has your Neck become ſo crooked?

Jonath. why, truly, I ſuppoſe that I might catch Cold while I was a ſleep, a thing that often happens to unwary People, and by that means I have gott what they call a Crick in my Neck.

Shep. Thou waſt a Lyer in the other World, and wilt continue one in this. Da--- you,

you, do I not see the Mark of the Rope about your Neck, thou confounded Dog? Besides, the moment you were turned off, a Courier arrived here with joyfull news of your approach.

Jonath. Well, I find it is in vain to dissemble; it is even as you have said, but prithee tell me how you fare in this World?

Blue. To tell you the Truth, *Jack Shepherd* is made Keeper of *Newgate*, and I am appointed *Ordinary* and *Chaplain.*

Jonath. What Devil made you a Chaplain? you can scarce write common Sence.

Blue. No matter for that, I hope I may make as good an Ordinary in this World, as some body we knew did in the other, ——— Prithee what is become of that fellow, who used to Murder the dying Speeches of Malefactors, and put his Readers to more pain in finding out his meaning, than the Criminals suffered in getting rid of his Non-Sence?

Jonath. He was the very same numercial Blockhead when I conversed with him last, as I ever knew him to be. I remember that this advice was given to an acquaintance of mine, who promised to observe it to the hour of his Death.

From Paths of Dullness never vary,
But Still be *N* --- *g*---*te*'s Ordinary.

Shep.

Shep. I wonder, Gentlemen, you will trifle away Time, and talk about a *Thing* that is not worth regarding.

Jonath. Let us ſhift the Scene ——— Can you tell me what Station I ſhall be placed in?

Shep. I heared our Maſter ſay that you ſhould be a Tub-preacher, and hold forth every Day among thoſe diſaffected Souls the Fanaticks: but take my advice with you, do not mention One word of Politicks, for if you do you will meet with a worſe fate here, than the Politick Preachers do in *Holland.*

Jonath. *A Tub-Preather! O ſevere Sentence! Prithee dear* Shepherd, *as thou haſt an intereſt with our Maſter, prevail upon him to reverſe my doom; let him make me any thing but a Tub-preacher or an Informing Conſtable or an Exciſe-man. and I will be content ——— I wiſh he would make me a ſ — ce of p — ce.*

Blue. *Make you a ——— You are not qualifyed to be one, why therefore ſhould you deſire it?*

Jonath. *No matter for Qualifications: I know how to make the moſt of ſuch a place, and keep my betters in Awe.*

But if I can obtain ſuch Favour, I will petition to be made Thief-Taker *General.*

Shep. *I aſſure you, that you will not ſucceed; for your behaviour in ſuch a like Station, which you uſurped in the other World,*

was

was such that you will not obtain it in this: Besides that place was been lately given to our old Friend Doctor----r---es.

Jonath. *Well, I must be content with my Lot. But tell me how are these Dominions Peopled.*

Blue. *With Souls of all Nations, and who have been in almost all Stations of Life. See what a multitude of pale ill-looked fellows there are in Yonder Quarter; do You know any of them?*

Jonath. Yes, very well; I remember most of them to have been M----shall Court Officers, what a Strange Figure they make, and how can they appear? What Punishment do they indure?

Shep. As a reward for their Perjury, Extortion, Bribery, and a Thousand other Crimes, they are condemned to prepetual Imprisonment; for ever debarr'd from conversing with any but themselves, and are obliged to eat their Excrements, which are daily cram'd down their Throats by a Legion of Devils, whom they threaten to arrest when they can conveniently do it.

Jonath. I think the punishment too easy. But who are those, who have not so much as a Rag to cover their Nakedness.

Shep. They are *Wagtails*, who are rolled half a dozen times in Ice and Snow to allay the heat of their Concupisance. *Sally Salis-*

bury

bur, is Mistress over them, and has petitioned for leave to make an old Friend of hers their Chaplain : But there are several who make Interest to obtain the place.

Jonath. *How are they dignified, or distinguished?*

Shep. *One is an* Informing-Constable, *another is an* Anabaptist Preacher; *a Third is a* Puritan; *a Fourth is an* Independant; *who was by Trade a* Spittlefields *weaver, and by profession a Preacher or Holderforth*; *a Fifth is an* Elder, *who was much in Vogue at the* Bull *and* Mouth; *besides these, there are above* Ten Thousand *Sheriffs-Officers, as many Tailors, and double their Number of Tall men, Usurers, and Pawn-Brokers.*

Jonath. *Hark! what Sound is this, which is more terrible to my Ears, than the Passing-bell at* St. Sepulchres, *when I was going to make my Exit at* Tyburn?

Blue. *'Tis the great Alarm Bell; the Judge has Sat upon his Throne, and this is the Signal for bringing the Prisoners before him. Come, come, You must now appear and receive Your Sentence.*

FINIS.